



Keeps Your Stove "Always Ready for Company"

A bright, clean, glossy stove is the joy and pride of every housekeeper. But it is hard to keep a stove nice and shiny—unless Black Silk Stove Polish is used. Here is the reason: Black Silk Stove Polish sticks right to the iron. It doesn't rub off or wash off. Its shine lasts four times longer than the shine of any other polish. You only need to polish once, fourth as often, yet your stove will be cleaner, brighter and better looking than it has been since you first bought it.

BLACK SILK STOVE POLISH

On your radiator stove, kitchen stove or gas stove. Get a can from your hardware or grocery dealer. If you do not find it better than any other stove polish you have ever used before, your dealer is authorized to refund your money. But we feel sure you will agree with the thousands of other satisfied women who are now using Black Silk Stove Polish and who say it is the "best stove polish ever made."

LIQUID OR PASTE ONE QUALITY

To cure to get the greatest Black Silk Stove Polish you can use more than the ordinary kind. Keep your radiator, registers, fenders and stove pipes bright and free from rust by using Black Silk Air-Drying Enamel. Brush free with each can of enamel only.

Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silverware, nickel, tinware or brass. It works quickly, easily, and leaves a brilliant surface. It has no equal for use on automobiles.

Black Silk Stove Polish Works

STERLING, ILLINOIS



Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

FINEST QUALITY LARGEST VARIETY



GILT EDGE, the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains Gilt. Blacks and polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes without rubbing. Gilt Edge combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of shoes or leather goods. Use "Gilt Edge" for QUICK WHITE (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes, etc. and so on.

BABY WHITE combination for gentlemen who like to shine their shoes. Look at the picture and notice how to use it. Polishes with a brush or cloth. 10 cents. "Gilt Edge" 15 cents. If your dealer does not have the kind you want, send in the price in stamps and we will send you a full size package of any kind of a warrant.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO., 20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World.

Why Rent a Farm

and be compelled to pay to your landlord most of your hard-earned profits? Own your own farm. Secure a Free Homeowner in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, or purchase land in one of these provinces and bank a profit of \$10.00 or \$12.00 an acre every year. Land purchased 3 years ago at \$10.00 an acre has recently changed hands at \$25.00 an acre. The crops grown on these lands warrant the advance. You can

Become Rich

by cultivating dairy, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Free homestead and pre-emption areas, as well as land sold by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions. Adaptable soil, beautiful climate, splendid schools and churches, good railroads, and a large number of experienced "last best west" how to make the most of the land, are all yours. Write to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent.

W. H. ROGERS

125 W. Ninth St., Kansas City, Mo. Please write to the agent nearest you.



Single Binder Cigarettes

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GOOD JOKES

THE "FRUITS" OF AMBITION.

"If you are ambitious and want to get on in life, don't wait for your opportunity—make it."

So counseled Mr. Katschick to young Kabbage, whom he had just appointed to the management of a greengrocery stall.

All that day the youth pondered the advice, and he still remembered it when his eye suddenly caught an item in the sporting columns of his favorite paper.

"Clodville Football club requires dates for December."

Two minutes later Kabbage was busy with pen, ink and paper, and in ten more minutes he was proudly enclosing the following note to the Clodville secretary:

"Dear Sir: I beg to inform you that we have a choice lot of dates in stock inclosed one as a sample, and will be pleased to supply any quantity at two-pence a pound or four pounds for sevenpence halfpenny!"—Ideas.

The Young Calf and the Old Hen. A Thin Old Hen one day met a Young Calf in a Green Field and said to him:

"Come along with Me, My Boy, and join me in a Salad."

The Calf looked at the Hen out of his innocent eyes and said:

"Thanks very much. What name is your Salad called by?"

"Chicken," The Hen cackled ironically, with her head to starboard.

The Calf Was Silent, and Thoughtful. Then He looked at the Hen again and said:

"It is awfully good of You, but I think I'd rather be a Ris de Veau," and he sidestepped toward a patch of Green Grass.

The Old Hen sadly raised her head and walked away, remarking:

"I do not understand."

Moral—They never Do.—Satire.

A Prize.

Little Wife—See what I have bought you for a birthday present—I got it at an auction—a genuine, antique, old fashioned footjack, such as your colonial ancestors used.

Husband—I haven't worn boots for twenty years.

Little Wife—I know. Won't it look lovely when it's decorated and hung up!

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

Visitor (looking at painting)—Why, that's an old master you have there.

Mr. Parvenew—Yes, but the frame is new.

Truth.

Down at the bottom of the well lies truth—an adage old.

Yet truth, forsooth, is like a bell that's very seldom tolled.

—Judge.

The Debutante.

"What could you do to support yourself if your father lost his fortune? You society butterflies know nothing about earning money."

"There's where you do us an injustice. Didn't I earn \$30 selling Red Cross stamps Christmas week?"

Theatrical.

Mrs. Willis—There seems to be a big crowd over at Mrs. Wayupp's wedding. Strange, too! She has been married nine times already.

Mrs. Willis—That's it! This is going to be a grand souvenir performance.—Puck.

Domestic Trifles.

First Omaha Man (in surprise)—What! Back already? Why, I thought you were going to see Europe!

Second Omaha Man (cheerfully)—So did I, but it seems that New York saw me first.—Puck.

After Seeing the County Treasurer.

Man With the Bulging Brow (reading his voice)—I'm a good citizen, but

Man With the Bulbous Nose—But, like all the good citizens I know, you do hate like thunder to pay your taxes!

It's Leap Year.

"Gee, but it's tough to have to tell a bright, pretty, attractive fiancée that the fervor of whose proposal shows how undying her affection is, that you can only be a brother to her!"

Force of Habit.

"Your friend has such cultivated manners."

"Naturally. He manufactures plows."

A Natural Bent.

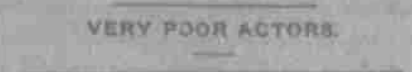
"Professor," said Miss Skylight, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism—"

"What are your own inclinations?"

"Oh, my soul yearns and throbs and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a life work that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty!"

"Woman, you're born to be a milliner!"—T. H. H.

VERY POOR ACTORS.



Mrs. Kidder—The play is very realistic. The actors are actually shooting at each other.

Mr. Kidder—It isn't realistic enough. Mrs. Kidder—How so?

Mr. Kidder—None of the actors are getting killed.

Sure.

Oh, why not still be happy. Though much to fret, is lost? The quickest way of winning is not to count the cost.

Easily Won.

"The truth is," said the young man after he had beaten about the bush as long as he dared to, "I want to marry your daughter."

"I rather suspected it. You will pardon me if I ask you frankly what your prospects are."

"Well, I own a third interest in a cow that produces nearly two pounds of butter a day when she is at her best."

"God bless you, my children—I mean my son."

Didn't Hurt Him.

Towne—My wife's doing her own cooking now.

Browne—Well, you don't seem to mind it.

Towne—No; I say she's doing her own cooking. I get mine done at a restaurant—Catholic Standard and Times.

What Love Can Do.

"And do you really love me, George?" she asked.

"Love you?" repeated "dear" George fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-by on the porch last night, my angel, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it till I got home."

Her Artistic Eye.

"I sometimes think," said Mrs. Lapsing, who was looking at a collection of family portraits, "that the pictures they take nowadays aren't half as good as the old daguerotypes they used to take sixty years ago."

The Wrong Pick.

"I've picked a girl for you, my dear fellow, to go through life with you, who is a live wire."

"Ah, but my journey through life is via wireless."

TIME TO LIGHT OUT.

The Maiden—Be reasonable, please. You're the light of my life.

Her Papa—That may be, but I object to having my house lit up by him after eleven o'clock.

The Climax.

The universe is pausing! The earth shakes, in good sooth! The solar system's gasping! For Baby's cut a tooth!

The Result.

"When your husband came home from our house, did he speak about the punch we gave him?"

"Well, he was just full of it."

Fitting Equipment.

"What kind of wheels are those they have on the bottom of aro plows?"

"Of course, they are Ryewheels."

The ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

The DOLEFUL MAN



"Life is a dreary tale," he said, "a place of sighs and sorrow. I feel I would be better dead; I hate to see tomorrow."

One endless round of nothingness, one endless, gloomy highway.

A stony hill of aye distress, without a cheerful by-way.

"I know I'm healthy as can be, and that I have some money, But I am one who cannot see the world that you call sunny."

I rise at early morn with groans, I spend my day complaining—

Speak not to me in cheerful tones; your gladness I'm disdaining.

"Men huddle madly here and there, with countenances brutal;

They spend their hours in work and care, in efforts that are futile;

Their speech is all deceit and lies, their deeds are wholly selfish.

Each for his own base profit tries like some absorbing shellfish.

"I do not care to hear some songs, nor I do not care what praise belongs to sculptor or to artist;

There's nothing that makes life worth while; this world can cheer me never;

It's just a weary mile on mile; I would leave it forever."

Just then he felt a sudden pain; alarmed at his condition

He phoned with all his might and main, to summon a physician;

His trembling hands, his anguished eyes, told only half his worry.

"Make haste!" he cried. "I fear I'll die! Oh, hurry, doctor, hurry!"

Adds to the Atmosphere.

"Pardon me, Mr. Meddergrass," says the lately arrived guest to the landlord of the Sylvan Glade summer hotel, "pardon me if I seem impertinent, but my curiosity has been aroused."

"I am sure you could not intentionally be impertinent," replies Mr. Meddergrass. "What has aroused your curiosity?"

"I notice that in speaking to me and most of the rest of the boarders you—er—you use language—that is, you speak plain, good English. But when talking to the Justrottis and one or two others you adopt a quaint, old homestead dialect such as is heard on the stage or read in so-called rural novels."

"Yes," smiles Mr. Meddergrass. "You see, the people you mention would not enjoy country life unless they had the accepted country dialect, so by paying a few dollars extra on the week they induce us to use nothing but that style of conversation toward them."

NECESSARY STATEMENT.

"This is a terrible oversight of yours," growled the city editor to the new reporter.

"How's that?" asked the new reporter, in tones that indicated a gladness over having committed his terrible oversight for that day.

"In your story of the speech of Hon. Win D. Jammer at the convention you do not say that he sounded the keynote of the campaign."

Some day the new reporter will learn that it is not wise to trample so ruthlessly upon the time-honored traditions of journalism.

No Wonder He Was Angry.

"What makes the Armless Wonder so early this morning?" asked the Lying Skeleton of the Fat Lady.

"The Snake Charmer got him to go and have his fortune told, and after he paid his fee at the door he discovered that the fortune teller was a palmer."

WILBUR D. NESBIT

His Preference. Whiskery gazed at the new triplets with fatherly pride, but not a little apprehension in his eye, nevertheless. "What are you thinking, dear?" asked Mrs. Whiskery, softly.

"Nothing, dear, nothing," he said, falteringly, "only don't you think that it would be wiser for us hereafter to build up our little family on the installment plan?"—Harper's Weekly.

Her Idea of a Chicken Farm. Every little actress in New York had a Long Island chicken farm. A well-known leading lady recently decided to follow the way of her sisters. She secured a lease on a good bit of property and then sought out a reputable poultryman.

"I want," she said firmly, "a thousand hens and—less firmly—"a thousand roosters."

No Chance About It.

"I'm awfully sorry it happened," apologized the abject young man, after the stolen kiss.

"Happened!" she exclaimed. "Happened! That is worse than the kiss! If you didn't have it in mind when you asked me to stroll away back here in this quiet corner of the conservatory I shall be offended, after all."—Judge.

When a woman says she believes every word her husband tells her, it's dollars to doughnuts that the honeymoon is still in its infancy.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

It's the contrariness of her sex that induces a woman to agree with a man just when he doesn't want her to.

FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. Your greatest ailment cured in 6 to 14 days. No matter how long you have had it, it will be cured in 6 to 14 days.

No one but a gossip can attend to everybody's business at the same time.

Why suffer under the curse of Dyspepsia when Garfield Tea can remove it?

A man never forgives his enemies until he wishes them prosperity.

LAZY LIVER

Do not allow a lazy liver to retard your healthful progress through life. Your liver is about the most important organ of your body, and unless kept in good condition, you cannot expect to feel well. In fact, so important is the work of your liver, that upon it depends, very largely, the proper workings of all the other organs of your body.

When it's working properly, you feel fresh, bright, happy, healthy and well.

When it's clogged up, you feel tired, worn-out, sick, weak and miserable. For more than 70 years

THE DRAUGHT'S

BLACK-DRAUGHT

has been regulating irregularities of the liver, stomach and bowels, by relieving biliousness, headache, constipation, indigestion, sour stomach, dyspepsia, colds, chills, fever, etc.

Read what Mr. F. R. Huffman, of Waynesville, N. C., says: "I suffered dreadfully with indigestion and heart trouble. I tried various medicines in vain, but Thedford's Black-Draught has restored me to almost perfect health. It has become a household treasure. I consider it more than worth its weight in gold."

Black-Draught is sold by your dealer. Be sure to get the genuine—"Thedford's." Price 25 cents.

CCA-6

Relief from Rheumatism

Try Sloan's Liniment for your rheumatism—don't rub—just lay it on lightly. It goes straight to the sore spot, quickens the blood, limbers up the muscles and joints and stops the pain.

Here's Proof

Mrs. JULIA THOMAS of Jackson, Cal., writes: "I have used your Liniment for rheumatism with much success."

MARTIN J. TUPIN, 109 10th Ave., Paterson, N. J., writes:—"I was a cripple with rheumatism for two years and I could not move at all; had to be carried from place to place. I tried remedies and could not get better, until I tried Sloan's Liniment. One bottle fixed me up in good shape and now I always have a bottle in the house for my wife and children."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills any kind of pain. Good for Neuralgia, Toothache, Lumbago and Chest Pains. Sold by all dealers. Price 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

Sloan's Liniment, Sloan, Castle, Hays and Putnam sell here. Address

DR. EARL S. SLOAN

Boston, Mass.